

# Good Morning 532

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch  
With the co-operation of Office of Admiral (Submarines)

OFFICE  
TEAM  
SMILES  
For P.O.  
Ron Davies



## IRISH CASEMENT'S CURTAIN

I HAD no reasonable excuse for liking Sir Roger Casement. I had a petty, perfectly unreasonable one for disliking him. When the Putomayo rubber atrocities were stirring this country I had a trip arranged to go up the Amazon and cable the startling news to the world. (The late W. T. Stead warned me that I would "get my wizzand cut" if I went near the place.)

But it was all fixed up, carriers, guides, outfit—and then Sir Roger Casement sent home an account which the British Government published, and that scooped my story and stopped the trip. Thus he may have saved my life; but he did worse in beating me to that story.

Casement was at that time British Consul in Brazil. He had had a distinguished career. He had been Consul at Lourenco Marques, Portuguese West Africa, French Congo, San Paulo, Parana, and was Consul-General at Rio de Janeiro.

He received the C.M.G. He was knighted in 1911. In 1913 he retired on a pension. He made his final claim for his quarterly payment in October, 1914. Then he disappeared. He turned up in Germany in December of the same year. And because of what he did there he was pronounced traitor and hanged.

I have always thought that Casement might have got away with it but for one bit of forgetfulness.

On Thursday night, April 20, 1916, a labourer on the lone Kerry coast, near Tralee Bay, saw a red light flashing about a mile out to sea off Curraghane. Then about four o'clock next morning, Good Friday, a farmer named McCarthy went to say his prayers at a holy well in the district. He said his prayers and was returning home by the beach at Tralee when he saw a rubber boat tossing a few yards from the shore.

McCarthy pulled the boat to the land, and found in her a

**Sir Roger Casement, notorious German agent landed at Tralee one April night in 1916 and might have succeeded in his plans against the Allies but for the wit of a small boy who followed and watched. The story is told by**

**STUART MARTIN**

dagger. In the sand he discovered a box full of pistol ammunition. He noticed, too, that footprints in the sand led towards Ardfer.

When he went back to his farm a servant told him that three men early that morning had passed, all wearing overcoats. The local police started investigations. They found near the boat, half-buried in the sand, three Mauser pistols, more ammunition, maps of Ireland, a flash-lamp, and two lifebelts.

Continuing their search, they came upon a tall, bearded man, drying his clothes in a ruined fort. He said he was an author on holiday from Buckinghamshire. They asked him to come with them to Ardfer barracks.

Now, when this was going on there appeared on the scene a small, ragged Irish boy, who, like all small boys, took a keen interest in the proceedings. He stood aloof when the police listened to the "author's" explanation. He was aloof, but watchful—again like all small boys.

The police were marching off their man when the latter slipped a bit of paper from his pocket, crushed it up in his hand, and dropped it as he strode along.

The police didn't notice this action, but the small boy did. He was following on behind, and he pounced on the bit of paper and handed it to the cops. Casement had forgotten the small boy walking behind him.

For it was Casement the police had discovered in that ruin, although he did not admit it then. He confessed his identity two days later when officers of the Metropolitan Police went to Ireland to interview this "author from Buckinghamshire," who was by that time charged with landing ammunition in County Kerry.



SIR ROGER CASEMENT

On the bit of paper he had dropped was a code containing a number of sentences, each numbered, whereby information was to be sent to "Mr. Hehlin, Davos Village, Switzerland."

What of the other two men who were known to have landed in that rubber boat with Casement? One was traced, the other was never discovered. The one who was traced proved

to be an Irish soldier who had been taken prisoner by the Germans and had agreed to join an Irish Brigade to fight against Britain.

The rubber boat which these three men had landed in—it had upset near the beach—had been launched from a German submarine; and it is on record that, when the boat was about to shove off, the submarine commander asked Casement, "Is there anything else you want from me?"

To which Casement replied quietly, "Only my shroud!"

Now, it so happened that on that very Good Friday on which the landing took place the British sloop Bluebell was on patrol in the Tralee area. About ninety miles from land a ship was spotted, and the Bluebell moved towards her.

The ship flew the Norwegian flag, and had this flag painted large on her hull, both port and starboard. In answer to the Bluebell's signals she replied that she was the Aud, from Bergen, bound for Genoa.

The Bluebell ordered her to alter course and make for Queenstown Harbour; but near the Daunt Lightship the Aud stopped her engines, and before the Bluebell could prevent it she was scuttled. Her crew came off in boats and were taken on board the Bluebell, all German seamen. The Aud went down with the German flag flying.

This information came out at Casement's trial on June 26th, 1916, before the Lord Chief Justice (Viscount Reading), Mr. Justice Avory, and Mr. Justice Horridge. It was also revealed that a diver had been sent down to the Aud, and found her loaded with rifles and ammunition, obviously intended to aid a rebellion.

The charges against Casement were six in number. The first three alleged the incitement of British prisoners of war at Limburg Camp, Germany, to "forsake their allegiance to the King and join forces against him in the war."

WE called at 23, Farmer Street, Notting Hill, P.O. Ronald Leslie Davies, but was told that your wife was working at an Admiralty Department. So "Mahomet went to the mountain," and we interviewed Mrs. Davies while she was doing a spot of work.

Here, in brief, are some of the things she told us. Dad has been home for his usual rest and your mother has settled down nicely in her new war job. Brother Reg, who was invalided out of the Navy, is now doing quite well in that new business of his, and he hopes you are doing your stuff in what he calls your "box of tricks."

Your wife's sister, Mary, has decided to call her newly-arrived baby Lorraine—a most attractive name, too, in our way of thinking. Both mother and child are doing famously.

Fred is still keeping the R.A.F. going, and is stage manager, producing a pantomime in

which he appears as the chief fairy on the Christmas tree.

Your wife says they are the only wings he is ever likely to get—and she should know!

Mrs. Davies adds: "We three all keep in touch with each other, and hope soon to make a merry party to paint the town red when you all return. There is keen competition on this subject of letters to home from your submarine and it's a race which of the three gets news first, so 'T. I.' keep your end up!"

When tea was finished in the office, Mrs. Davies spoke about "getting back to work again," and sent us off. She closed her message to you by sending all her love and saying "The bird will sing again."

All these girls in your wife's office who came into the photograph, say they "love sailors." Being "nice girls," that seems quite fitting.

The fourth charge was circulating a pamphlet in that camp for the same purpose.

The fifth was actually persuading prisoners of war to join enemy forces. (About fifty Irishmen had joined as the result of Casement's urging.)

The sixth was "setting forth from Germany as a member of a warlike and hostile expedition to land arms in Ireland for use against the British."

There stood Sir Roger Casement in the dock, a thin man, with pointed beard, a high forehead, dreamy eyes. He showed no signs of nervousness.

But at the very beginning of the trial his counsel, Serjeant Sullivan, of the Irish Bar, sprang a surprise.

The prosecution had a great array of counsel led by Sir

F. E. Smith (later Lord Birkenhead), but as soon as the indictment was read, up leaped Serjeant Sullivan, claiming that the charges must be quashed, because the prisoner was charged with "no offence known to the law."

The judges put on their thinking caps and talked, heads together; and finally decided that Serjeant Sullivan should argue his point after the prosecution had stated its case.

You see, Casement was charged with "high treason by adhering to the King's enemies elsewhere than in the King's realm, to wit, in the Empire of Germany."

I'll make Serjeant Sullivan's argument clear in a minute. First, let me say that the statute on which the charges

(Continued on Page 3)

## HOME TOWN FLASHES

MR. W. R. DAVEY, who acted as honorary auctioneer at a Red Cross sale at Collington, is a sportsman, who uses paper spills to light his pipe and saves his matches. He saved up 20 boxes, which sold at 1s. each.

Among the "lots" were a pair of native boat models, carved by Fiji Islanders which attracted the attention of two small boys.

The lads brought a tanner each and waited patiently until the boats were put up for sale. Then they bid their bob, and held their breath. The bidding swept over and above their "capital"—but at 30s. the models went to the auctioneer, who to the boys' delight handed them a boat each, gravely accepting their tanners for the Red Cross Fund.

One contributor to this sale was an old age pensioner

LO. MUM. THERE was a pleasant surprise for Mrs. L. Lashbrook, of 3, Victoria-place Millbay-road, Plymouth, one morning.

She had been out shopping and returned to find her son, 21 years old Private Sydney Lashbrook who had been reported missing at Arnhem, sitting in front of the fire reading a newspaper.

"Hullo, Mum," said Sydney, who had been captured by the Germans but had escaped with the help of a Dutch girl.

"You could have knocked me down with a hammer," said Mrs. Lashbrook, when she was telling her neighbours the good news.

In the picture, you'll notice, Doreen, who works amongst the rabbits, elephants and ducks. Her father makes them as a hobby, and she gives the finishing touches with a little paint, and, being camera-shy, a lot of laughter.

Shortly Doreen is going on full-time clerical work at the County Hall, Wakefield, but wishes she was back in the Overseas Nursing Service, which she joined soon after war broke out.

All the best from everyone at 14, Westmoreland Street, Walter, and Good Hunting.

We ALWAYS write to you, if you write first to "Good Morning," c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1.

## BRUSH UP YOUR MEMORY E.R.A.

### WALTER BAILEY

SINCE Engine Room Mechanic Walter J. Bailey left Pontefract, Yorks, for the briny, Doreen Johnson, of 14, Westmore and Street, Wakefield, has been wondering whether he had to queue to get on board his sub.

Reason is that one day, on a visit to Leeds, Doreen and Walter decided to go rowing at Roundhay Park, but not even a sailor's uniform could get them on the lake quickly, so they queued for 2½ hours. "Bet I don't have to wait this long to get aboard my sub," laughed Walter, and Doreen has wondered about it ever since.

When Walter was on a training course at Pontefract, Doreen and her friend Elsie made his off-duty hours happy by giving him the pleasure of a warm fire and a homely meal. Doreen, her father, Elsie and Walter used to play cards into the small hours of the morning, but unfortunately Doreen has for-

gotten most of the games he taught her.

Sandal Castle, which will be well remembered by Walter for the sunny April afternoons he spent there, has lately been the scene of visits from parties of American Servicemen.

Wakefield skating rink, where he spent many hilariously happy hours, still echoes nightly to the shouts of laughter from people who find it easier to skate on anything but their skates. Doreen doesn't go often now—she needs someone to hold her up!

Our guess is that right now Walter could just eat one of those egg and chip suppers (the hens put on a special effort for a submariner-to-be).

She asked us to tell you that she and Elsie both wish you a very happy Christmas in those far distant waters you're heading for and hope to see you again before long.





# I get around

RON RICHARDS'

COLUMN

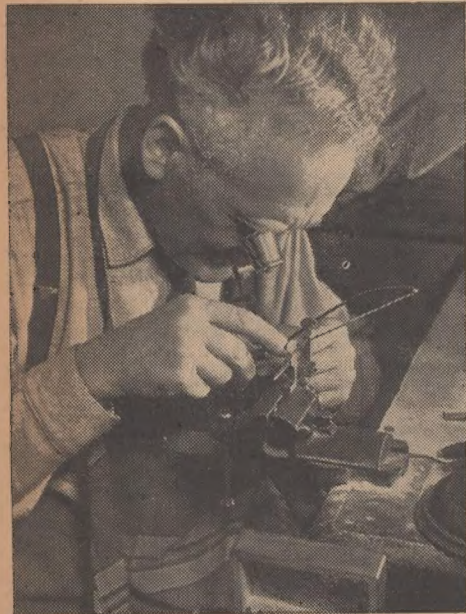


IN the attic of a suburban villa, a man who by his looks could be maestro or regimental sergeant-major, sits twelve hours a day mending watches.

Mr. Wickenden has been mending watches quite a while now; when he started there were only half-a-dozen types, now, he says, there are thousands. When he started his apprenticeship he learned how to make parts. Now, if he requires a replacement, he goes to Clerkenwell, where it is possible to buy any part of any type of watch or clock.

He sits for hours without moving a muscle, then suddenly he pushes back his long greying hair, twitches his waxed moustache, and a twinkle comes into his eye as he watches a passer-by admiring his front garden. That garden, the lawn of which he tends with the precision used for fixing a Benson hair spring, won him fifth place in an all-England competition. It is the pride of Thornton Heath, and is known throughout Surrey.

When I asked him about himself he said it would not be of interest to anybody, and suggested that some tips on how to care for a watch might be more useful. Opening watches, thereby permitting dust to enter, is, with the exception of poking the works with a pin, the most damaging maltreatment of a watch, he says. If the watch stops, he advises, take it to a jeweller; he won't charge for advice, and if it is worth repairing, take it to a trusted jeweller, and don't permit amateur workers to tinker with it. He adds that a watch, if treated as a part of the body and given every such consideration, should last longer than the owner.



This grand old man of time has a bench no larger than the top of a tea-box; his apron is pinned to the bench, so that if he drops a part he won't have to search the floor for it. In the corner of the room is an old violin, there is a straw hat, a pair of scales, some medicine bottles, and a Hoover. There is scarcely room to turn round, but from this chaotic little den half-a-dozen well-repaired timepieces go out six or seven days a week.

If a local Serviceman or woman brings a watch to him, he has it ready before they return from leave. He's never failed in that respect, is his proud boast. In fact, comrades of many of his clients have sent their watches. They all get priority.

★

AS soon as post-war production will permit, every school in this country will have a film projector and new schools will have their own cinemas.

To speed this plan of the Ministry of Education, teachers from all over the country are attending courses to enable them to make use of films and teach them to give effective commentaries while the pictures are being shown.

When the war started, the production of "school films" was stopped, but now the Ministry of Education has ordered the making of several new films.

In the past, all films shown in schools have been produced commercially, but now it is likely that all educational pictures will be directed, produced and made by the Ministry.

A Ministry official told me: "We are behind the United States in the use of films, but I think in our technique and realisation of the benefits to be derived from the cinema we are in front."

# She was only a Farmer's Daughter, but—

THRILLS WITH THE DOGS  
By DALTON MOORE

"THE more I see of men, the more I like dogs," a woman greyhound owner once quoted to me. This was just after one of her dogs had earned £300 for her by coming in second in the Laurels.

There are now more than 1,500 women owners on the books of the National Greyhound Racing Club, and there are women to-day who will pay thousands of pounds for dogs, and expect to win thousands.



"Take yer vest off, Bert—I want to see how yer spell Yvonne."

It was a world wonder when Mrs. Grace Purnell paid £1,700 for Fawn Cherry, winner of the Greyhound Puppy Derby in Dublin.

Fawn is already bringing in prizes. He may prove the fastest dog the world has ever seen.

Why is it that women do so well at the dogs? Look over the record-breaking dogs of the last few years. I remember when Miss J. M. Merrett's Beef Cutlet won £1,100 for her in 28½ seconds.

In that same race the second dog, Derek F, won £300 for Mrs. Firman; and Mrs. A. H. Kempton gained the third prize with Toftwood Mystic.

In many instances you'll find that these women are also the wives of famous owners. It is rather as if the Aga Khan always raced in the name of his wife!

I remember how Mrs. Barker, another of London's most successful owners, first decided to try the dogs because she was suffering from deafness and found she was no longer enjoying theatre or movie shows.

Her husband bought her first greyhound and gave it to her. Soon she was making £40 a month from such regular runners as Captain Cuttle and Dago Ben.

She had made it a rule never to bet on her own dogs, but always to bet on the favourites. Then her dogs became the favourites!

Well, what would you do? Mrs. Barker cast resolves to the winds and made a good deal of money by backing her own dogs.

One famous woman owner began with an original "capital" of three pieces of antique jewellery. Her sister was a kennelmaid at a greyhound training centre, and told her one day of two puppies who were going cheap.

IN SUBURBIA.

The dogs were bought with the proceeds of the jewellery, and the two sisters became partners. The dogs were housed in a suburban garden and trained in suburban fields, but they were winners.

To-day the sisters are partners in six profitable dogs, and they have bought and sold another score since they began operations. Perhaps dog-racing is a sport in which feminine intuition comes into its own!

I once followed a dog that had begun as a puppy on an Irish farm. One day his tail came under a heavy boot, and

the puppy was relegated to the ranks of the "n.g." brigade.

The farmer's daughter, however, still persevered with the dog. She carefully covered the broken joint with the rough-and-ready remedy of adhesive paper, continued his training, and eventually saw him entered in a try-out race.

He won—and continued to win. In the end this dog, White Sandhills, changed hands for four figures.

It is, perhaps, small wonder if women, as well as invading the ownership field, have also made reputations in training and breeding. I know of over thirty establishments owned, managed and staffed by women. Some, like Mrs. Lovett and Mrs. Barnes, have reputations that rank with those of the best men trainers.

(Continued on Page 3)

## QUIZ for today

5. What strait separates North Island (New Zealand) from South Island?

6. All the following are real words except one which is it?—Sarsen, Sarcin, Saracen, Sarcel, Saracella, Sarse.

Answers to Quiz  
in No. 531

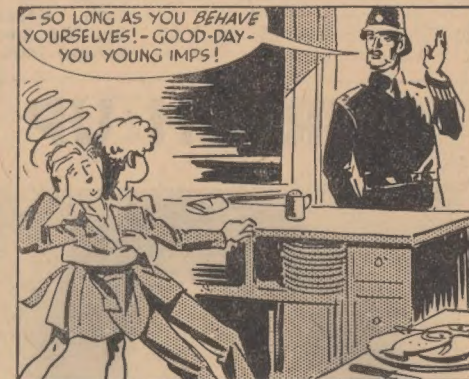
1. A perlin is a bird, wizard, rafter, skirt, small pill?
2. What name is given to a group of asses?
3. How many common flowers can you think of beginning with F?
4. What is the difference between (a) schappe, (b) shoddy, (c) mungo?

1. Tree.
2. Fox, Ivy-bush, 28 lb. of wool.
3. A sack of wool containing 80 tods.
4. Clowder of cats.
5. Denmark Strait.
6. Poniard, Innuendoes.

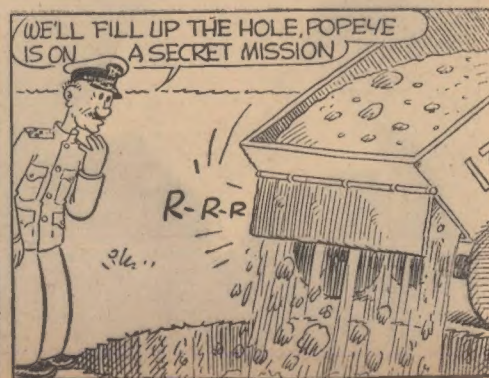
## BEELZEBUB JONES



## BELINDA



## POPEYE





# WANGLING IRISH CASEMENT'S CURTAIN WORDS—471

1. Insert consonants in \*E\*\*E\* and \*\*A\*\*E\*AY and get two English novelists.  
2. Here are two animals whose syllables, and the letters in them, have been shuffled. What are they?  
HETROLE — DAPRANP.  
3. If "sender" is the "end" of poster, what is the end of (a) Magnificent, (b) Protector?  
4. Find the two cathedral cities hidden in: If they end the cartel, you will be without a job here, for decisions to cut down work have been made.

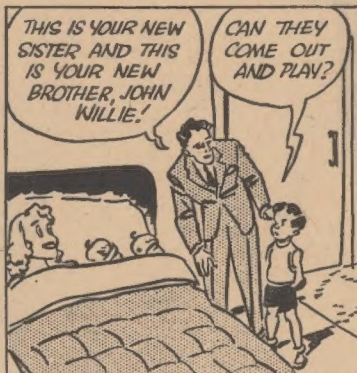
## Answers to Wangling Words—No. 470

1. NEWTON, HARVEY.
2. LIZARD—ADDER.
3. (a) Dogma, (b) Dogrose.

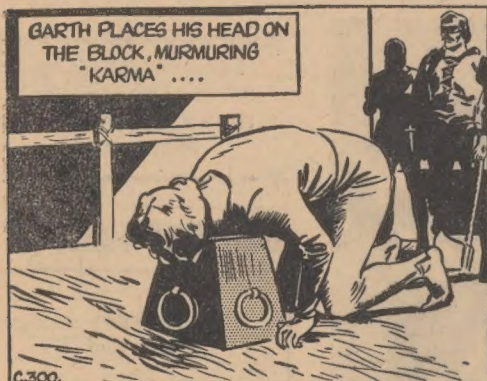
# JANE



## RUGGLES



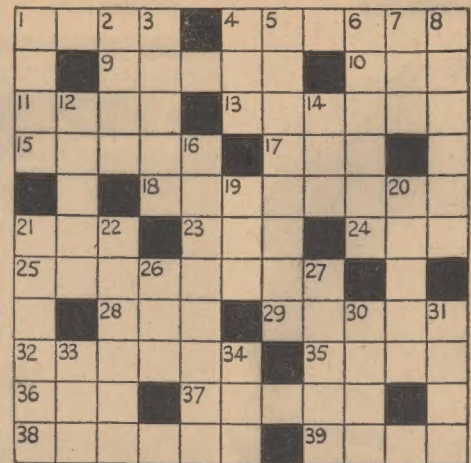
## GARTH



## JUST JAKE



# CROSSWORD CORNER



- CLUES ACROSS.**  
1 Wool.  
4 Contractions.  
9 Thickness.  
10 Wages.  
11 Bird.  
13 Thought centres.  
15 Journal.  
17 Tune.  
18 Time of day.  
21 Clinging pod.  
23 Fool.  
24 Male animal.  
25 Tries to excel.  
28 Fish's organ.  
29 Ladies.  
32 Imbue.  
35 Male animal.  
36 Nothing.  
37 Rye disease.  
38 Quack.  
39 Eleven.

- CLUES DOWN.**  
1 Distort.  
2 Walk awkwardly.  
3 Grasped.  
4 Woven fabric.  
5 Put in order.  
6 Courage.  
7 Colour.  
8 Organised body.  
12 Caulking-fibre.  
14 River life.  
16 Drew long bow.  
19 Away.  
20 Headless pin.  
21 Starts.  
22 Frill.  
26 Fabrication.  
27 Wooden shoe.  
30 Silent.  
31 Slender.  
33 Squeeze.  
34 Attempt.

OHM L A T I N S  
L O A F E R F A S T  
D U B I O U S T O R  
S E T M O R A L E  
M E L T S B E L O W  
U N I N L E T E  
S H O N E R A C E D  
C O U G A R R O W  
L O T K I N D L E D  
E K E D D E S I R E  
S R O A S T N S W

# THRILLS WITH THE DOGS

(Continued from Page 2)  
**DOCTOR'S ORDERS.**  
Miss Georgine Byron, at Colnbrook, has been training fifty winners a season, and has brought home nearly 500 winners on the track. Not only does she keep her dogs in winning condition, but she also sketches them for the owners.  
She began with a riding school, worked at one time in a horse - racing stable, and switched to dogs on a doctor's advice.  
The sheer scope of the "track" often makes the "turf" appear a minor affair. Until the war, for instance, Hilda Potter kept 160 greyhounds on her farm and trained them on a miniature course. To-day her name is known wherever greyhounds are raced.  
She, too, entered the business largely by accident. A puppy sired by Mick the Miller was put up for auction at a charity dinner, and Miss Potter, charmed by its gawkinsness, was the buyer at £60.  
She entered it in a race at West Ham, and no one was more surprised than she when it won. With the prize she bought another dog—and then the another. . . Eventually she had the largest training and breeding kennels owned by a woman, and for years the classic wins evaded her.

# ALL WORK AND NO PLAY

MILLIONS of us, in and out of the Forces, are looking forward to peace and leisure. Many a man in uniform has found a new hobby which he will take back to Civvy Street. Whether it's collecting postage stamps or odd souvenirs, the psychologists assure us that a hobby, however crazy it may seem to others, helps to give a man mental relaxation.  
Einstein goes in for collecting cracked teacups. Nobody knows, why, but the learned Professor has a grand collection, and gets quite a kick out of it.

Mr. Churchill paints pictures as a relaxation, but gets even more pleasure from the humble job of bricklaying. He even possesses a genuine Bricklayers' Union card.

When he is not discoursing on the joys of Hognorton, Gillie Potter studies heraldry and the mysteries of genealogy. Will Hay puts away his mortar-board and takes up his telescope. He enjoys quite a reputation in scientific circles as a notable astronomer.

"Two Ton" Tessie O'Shea finds that she is quite an expert with the brush as with the ukulele. She has painted several water-colours which have been exhibited.

Vic Oliver finds pleasure in collecting antique watches. Some of them are really remarkable. He has been collecting them for years, and goes miles to attend a likely sale.

Not many people are aware that the great Russian writer, Leo Tolstoy, once decided to make flying his hobby. He had a theory that will-power was all that was necessary to make a human being fly. He was finally cured of this hobby when he jumped out of a second-floor window!

Some of our most brilliant lawyers get fun out of manual work. Mr. Justice Oliver is a great hand at wood-carving, and Sir Stafford Cripps has a carpenter's shed fitted up on his estate.

Sometimes hobbies show quite a pleasant dividend. R. C. Sherriff was pushing a pen in an insurance office when he began to write plays, "just for fun."

A man who became interested in collecting historic armour, to-day makes an excellent income supplying "props" of all kinds to film studios.

His experiences as a captain in the East Surreys gave him the raw material for the phenomenal hit play, "Journey's End."

A certain Wall Street broker was famous for his collection of cigars. When the stock market crashed it looked as if he would be smoking fag-ends. But a cigar company remembered his impeccable taste and offered him a job. Now he is earning a good living as a cigar-tester.



# Good Morning

THIS ENGLAND. The fruitful fields of our country here present a pattern as pleasing to the eye as they must be to the farmer. Somewhere in Hertfordshire.



★ "OH! GRANDMAMA, WHAT BIG THIGHS YOU'VE GOT!"

"All the better to hug you with, my dear," was what we expected Grace Bradley to say—ever hopeful like! But what she *did* say didn't sound exactly like that.



"THE LITTLE DEARS, HOW BEAUTIFULLY THEY PLAY!"

"One day this harness is going to break, and then I'll 'do' him. Sprawling there in the lap of luxury, while I have to ride in the rumble!"



★ If the farmer's wife catches them, she'll make them into Manx cats.

★ OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"Thereby hung a tail."

